

*The Historie of*

*Hot.* That Roane shal be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight, O Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke.

*La.* But heare you my Lord.

*Hot.* What finest thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you madheaded ape, a weazell hath not such a deal of spleene, as you are rost with. In faith Ile know your busines Harry, that I wil: I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprife, but if you go

*Hot.* So far a foote, I shal be weary, loue.

*La.* Come, come you Paraquito answer me directly, vnto this questiō that I shal aske: in faith Ile break thy little finger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all thinges true.

*Hot.* Away, away you trifier, loue; I loue thee not, I care not for thee Kate, this is no world

To play with inamnets, and to tilt with lips,  
We must haue bloudie noses, and crackt crownes,  
And passe them currant too: gods me my horse:

What faist thou Kate; what wouldst thou haue with me?

*La.* Do you not loue me? do you not indeede?

Wel, do not then: for since you loue me not,

I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me?

Nay, tel me, if you speake in ieast, or no?

*Hot.* Come wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horseback, I wil swere,

I loue thee infinitely. But harke you Kate,

I must not haue you henceforth, question me,

Whither I go: nor reason where about;

Whither I must, I must: and to conclude,

This euening must I leaue you Gentle Kate:

I know you wise, but yet no farther wise,

Then Harry Percies wife: constant you are,

But yet a woman and for secrecy,

No Lady closer, for I wil beleaue,

Thou wilt not vtter what thou dost not know:

And so far wil I trust thee, gentle Kate.

*La.* How, so far?

*Henric the*

*Hot.* Not an inch further: b  
VWhither I go, thither shall yo  
To day will I set forth, to morn  
VWill this content you Kate?  
Lady I must off force.

*Enter Prince*

*Prince.* Ned, prethee come ou  
thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poines.* VWhere hast bin Hal

*Prin.* VWith three or foure lo

foure score hogf-heads. I haue

humility. Sirra, I am sworne br

can call them all by their chris

Francis: they take it already vpo

be but prince of VVales, yet I a

flatly I am not proud lack, lik

lad of mettall, a good boy (by

when I am King of England, I

in Eastcheape. They cal drinkin

you breath in your watring, the

off. To conclude, I am so good

an houre, that I can drinke wi

guage, during my life. I tel the

nour that thou wert not with m

to sweeten which name of Ned

sugar, clapt euen now into my l

that neuer spake other English i

siſe pence, and you are welcom

anon sir; skore a pint of bassard

Ned, to drine away time tilf al

stand in some by roome, while

what end he gaue me the sugar

Francis, that his tale to me may

side, and Ile shew thee a prese

*Poines.* Francis.

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Poines.* Francis.

*Fran.* Anone an one sir; loo

*Hot.*